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### Literature and Miscellaneous.

#### PEACE SOCIETIES.—NO. III.

Next in efficacy to this all-pervading desire of precedence, as a seminal principle of war, is intolerance—another germ of animal selfishness. This spirit finds it a crime in another to have been so constituted, or placed in such circumstances, as to have different modes, a different language, opinions, religious faith, and government. In a word intolerance claims to think not only for itself, but for others; and finds it a cause for dislike, and a moral offence, that different circumstances and studies should have created opinions deviating from his own standard.

It is an astonishing fact, that in all times and in all lands, until a very recent period, intolerance was a consecrated spirit, so far from being deemed a moral deformity to be corrected, that it has been generally revered as a respectable and praiseworthy perseverance in the right. Hence, in most languages, the term stranger imported an enemy, and raised the idea of one, as implying a man of a different language, creed, and manners. War between adjoining nations, fostering such feelings, is the natural order of things. This spirit has been an element of easy access and of powerful influence wherever it has suited the convenience of rulers to wage war. No form of this spirit has such fearful energy as religious intolerance. Of the wars that have been waged, it is humiliating to reflect how many have been carried on professedly for the glory of the gods, or of Jehovah, under the pretext of extirpating heretics for the good of the human race.

But in our deep abhorrence of religious wars, massacres, *autos da fe*, and all the various persecuting aspects of religious bigotry and intolerance, we do not fall into the snare of the pretext for this hateful spirit. Philosophy has had its intolerance scarcely less bitter and persecuting than that of religion. The different professions are intolerant. The spirit finds its way into every varying walk and pursuit of life. In a word we shall find it an animal attribute of human nature, a portion of that hateful selfishness which causes the beast of prey to growl over his repast at the approach of another, as though it were about to be wrested from him. It needs but little self-examination to find something of this spirit in our own bosom. Who are they, who entertain firm and undoubting opinions upon any point, and can endure to hear them strongly impugned, and not feel the glow of intolerance burning in their bosoms? Behold in this spirit an element which sovereigns could mould at their will in fostering national hatreds and war. A frith separates the great nations of England and France, claiming to stand at the head of civilization. On the opposite shores, the language, creed, manners, pursuits, and government are widely different. Whenever the two nations have paused from war, a spirit of mutual intolerance has been left in active fermentation, sufficient at any moment, when it shall comport with the fancied honor or interests of these nations, to rekindle the torch anew. Yet cast two individuals, one from each of these nations that have been fighting for centuries, on an uninhabitable isle, their mutual wants and instincts will bring them together. They will learn each other's language, become indulgent or indifferent to each other's different opinions, and it is affirmed will contract a stricter and more enduring habit of friendship than would have arisen between individuals of the same nation. The toleration, thus rapidly and effectually taught by circumstances, might be inculcated by a right education, which may be so varied as to achieve whatever fact has demonstrated to be practicable and possible in regard to human nature. The intolerance of the citizen towards his neighbor of the contiguous dwelling, who belongs to a dif-

ferent church, espouses a different party in politics, employs different professional men, and mingles in a different society, may be adduced as an example of individual intolerance. Hear their hackneyed disputes about their differences of faith and opinion in the trite and everlasting common places of a thousand years. Neither of them understand any thing of the real subject, predicate, or conclusion of their theme. Neither attaches any definite meaning to the moving terms of the debate. It may readily be imagined, that under such circumstances they will always tend to diverge, rather than converge; and, in fact, they separate with increased asperity of feeling and a growing dislike. The families catch the spirit, and drink from the same unhallowed fountain of bitterness. These families have their banner, church, school, and social circle, through the ramifications of which the influence reaches the remotest capillaries of the country. From these poisonous germs spring up national hate and war.

If it be matter of astonishment, that this blind, deluded, animal impulse of intolerance has so long pervaded the whole race, not only unquestioned, but even regarded as a virtue of the highest order; it is equally matter of present encouragement, cheering expectation, and vigorous exertion, that, amidst all the illusions of a preponderant physical education, the cause of toleration is now everywhere espoused by all who lay any claim to just views and enlargement of thought. When William Penn declared in his code that simple and sublime principle of legislation, that no peaceable and moral citizen should be molested on account of his opinions, and that God alone was the Lord of conscience, the principle was considered not only a startling innovation, but a most dangerous heresy. That men were free to think, and innocent in their opinions, was a doctrine as new as the astronomical system of Galileo to the church of Rome. Scarcely a century has elapsed since intolerance was considered the guardian of intellectual innocence, and the only sure patron of religion. Now every one lauds toleration, every one views freedom of thought as the unalienable franchise of conscience, every one is as full and as earnest in defending the abstract principle, as almost every one is in violating it in his heart and practice. It is very true, that while the letter of toleration is every where promulgated, the spirit of intolerance still has possession of almost every mind. The very expounder of toleration shows impatience and bitterness under the contradiction of another. But there is an omnipotence in the influence of words, of which few are aware. We probably think alone through their medium. Words and phrases, now repeated without corresponding ideas, will finally react and engender the thoughts for which they stand. Let the master spirits, though they may be virtually and in fact intolerant, from the pulpit, the press, exchange, and social circle, and in every phrase, and in every form of speech laud that toleration, of which, perhaps, they have not a particle in their hearts. The words will finally give birth to the ideas. Inculcated now without a perception of its beauty and moral obligation, in the next age men will be tolerant in heart as in speech. What is now barren phrase and technicality, will then become the spirit of the age. We believe it was Aristotle, who said, *Dogmata kai ou pragmata ton kasmon tarrassei*. 'Opinions and not things disturb the world.'

It should be among the grand preliminary means of the *Peace Society*, in all their publications, to inculcate the necessity of looking into the present inconsistent modes of physical education, where such abhorrent mixtures of Christian and heathen, the page of the Bible and the pantheon, the spirit of Christ and of the world, are so blended and compounded, as that the child imbibes only the poison, and acquires, from the moral and spiritual part of

the mixture, bigotry, semblance, and hypocrisy. Let every child learn from the cradle, that God alone is Lord of conscience; and to hear his own views and opinions controverted without a feeling of rising asperity, and never to attach guilt to another merely for difference of opinion. Above all, let just views of true greatness be sedulously inculcated. Let the illusive veil, woven by the universal example and the prevalent modes of education, be gradually withdrawn, so that true moral grandeur may be seen to consist in following the example and obeying the precept of Jesus Christ. When this is effectually done, the millions of pupils in Christendom, training to become the actors in the coming age, will turn with loathing from those pages of ancient and modern history, those records of animal blood thirstiness and ferocity, hitherto misnamed heroism and greatness; and a new and celestial moral light dawning on their vision, will light them to other and higher themes of interest and new views of greatness.

**MORAL EDUCATION.**—A thousand tomes, advocating the merits of cores of systems, have been written on the subject of education, by sophists and Priscians of old, and schoolmasters and utilitarians of our day, without eliciting much that is either novel or beneficial. Theories, treatises, dissertations axioms aphorisms innumerable have been promulgated both by speculative philanthropists and interested professors; but it remains to be proved that ours is a more learned or happier era than the thousands which have preceded it. A slight acquaintance with things superficial—mere accidental knowledge—is almost universally diffused; but where shall we find, in the catalogues of all our colleges or universities a Jeremy Taylor, an Usher, a Parnell, or a Parr? The great want among the youth of our day is a more earnest industry and untiring devotion. Every man, if he pleases, who is gifted with abilities, may become as erudite and celebrated as the most famous scholars of another century. But the passion for enterprize, increase and political power is paramount to every other desire. This is the age of action not of thought. A few observations, however on the moral education of the young may be interesting, and perhaps instructive to our readers.

Our youth, from their earliest years, should be instructed in political principles, and taught the love of a rational liberty and their country, and consequently the hatred of tyranny, persecution, venality and all that is hostile to the interest of a free people. They ought, at the same time, to discriminate between abject and slavish submission on the one side, and absolute licentiousness on the other; as the true spirit of liberty is always restrained by proper respect for a just government. Even from the first, they should be prepossessed against party disputes and contentions—taught to judge them from history, and know that, whatever zealots on each side have pretended, experience has shown that self has been the impulse and motive of both; that party is the madness of many for the gain of a few; and that a patriot is only an office hunter out of place. They ought to be accustomed to consider themselves as drawing nearer and nearer to maturity, when they must think of becoming members of society. They cannot, therefore, be too early forewarned of the vicissitudes of human life, nor too strongly guarded against the arts of flatterers or other crafty and designing men, nor too well instructed how to detect them. They should be taught to distinguish the faulty from the laudible, to which it bears the nearest resemblance; the prudent from the suspicious and overcautious, the generous from the lavish, the frugal from the niggardly, the diligent from the covetous. Instances and examples should be presented to them, taken from the intercourse of society; and they should be taught to judge and distinguish

what merits commendation from what is reprehensible.

The young should be strongly prepossessed against the three fatal fascinations, which allure mankind into infinite misery and misfortune, and pleasure. The resources, which ambition offers, are altogether imaginary, consisting in the applause of others, which will never impart happiness to a wise man, as it is of no value unless confirmed by the judgment of one's conscience. No wise or good man will ever do an action for the sake of applause, which his own conscience will not warrant, nor will he abstain from or disapprove of any which his conscience attests to be good and virtuous, merely because he fears the superficial multitude who approve and disapprove without judgment or justice.

To create in young people a contempt of the evanescent and erring applause of men, such instances as the following should be presented, and the mistakes of common opinion exposed to their observation. We see the most laborious, diligent, and useful part of mankind treated with neglect and contempt, and at the same time the idle, the inactive, namely, the rich, who feed and riot, and fatten on the toils of their fellow creatures, adored as gods upon earth. We see mankind admire learning, wit and courage in man, and outside beauty in the other sex, and all the while neglect the less ostentatious, but infinitely more valuable virtues of humility, meekness, prudence, benevolence, and patience. The superficial multitude disgrace the honest husbandman, who employs himself in raising out of the earth what is the support of his fellow creatures, with the contemptuous name of clown, and at the same time, dignify those wild beasts called warriors, who spend their lives in butchering their fellow men, with the title of heroes or great men. According to the common opinion of mankind, it is no shame to get wealth by any means, and it is no crime to be rich; but it is a crime to be poor from want of impudence to elbow mankind, through narrowness of conscience, or greatness of heart. According to the opinion of mankind, affliction is of all things most to be dreaded, and prosperity the most to be desired; whereas the truth is quite the contrary; for prosperity generally corrupts men's virtue whereas adversity, for the most part, strengthens the mind, and makes better the heart. Common opinion asserts that it is a greater happiness to get and hoard up, than to deal out generously; whereas to bestow with prudence on the deserving and indigent is like a god, and to accumulate unemployed riches, like an earth worm. According to common opinion, it is a crime in a man of fortune not to live extravagantly, that is, as the vulgar think, suitably to his fortune; whereas if a man of great wealth spends his whole income without bestowing a reasonable proportion of it upon the deserving, he embezzles what was only intrusted to, not given him; a great estate being a stewardship committed to a particular person for trial of his charity and his abstinence, as poverty is a trial of other virtues, not the effect of any partiality of divine providence.

The youth who are early led to observe in these and other instances, the false judgment of the multitude, must see the folly of placing one's happiness in their applause, and will thereby learn to despise the allurements of ambition. Indeed, it is a fault of his parents and instructors, if he understand not that he, who never distributed unseen, and unthanked, nor stole opportunities of doing worthy actions, never to be known publicly—till read from the records of the last audit; and who never could act thus without a wish or any other approbation than that of his conscience, knows nothing of the disinterested love of God or human benevolence.

To prevent the access as he advances in life of the love of money, which sinks at last into covetousness, he ought to understand that



the only real value of riches is their capability of purchasing the necessities and conveniences of life, and affording relief to the indigent. The contents of all the mines of Peru are not so valuable as one acre of ground covered with wheat; a fresh egg is of more real worth than the diamond of the Brazil, of much the same bulk, which was valued at four hundred millions; because the first will save the life of a human creature from famine, but the latter is utterly useless, independent of the gratification it ministers to the silly vanities of the ostentatious. All beyond the conveniences of life is absolutely useless and indeed troublesome. After a person has acquired such a competency as will sustain him and his family above dependence, it is not worth while to step out of his way to acquire ten thousand dollars more, because he can but live conveniently at last, and has no occasion to bring upon himself more cares and embarrassments. A few years will end the earthly being of the youngest man alive, and it will give him no more satisfaction on his deathbed to reflect that he has fifty thousand pounds in the funds, than that there are fifty thousand shells at the bottom of the ocean. Exorbitant wealth and happiness have nothing to do with one another, since we see discontented faces in gilded chariots, and day laborers making merry in spite of toil and poverty. The possession of great wealth exposes men to a thousand inconveniences and temptations; to the incumbrance of a crowd of servants and attendants, to the continual buzz of slavish flatterers and hangers on, to the fatigue of overseeing great affairs, or the vexation of losses by entrusting them to others, and what is worse than all the risk of one's virtue, amid the snares of the world and the deceit of riches, which are so hard to resist that we find the rich are almost universally the least amiable or perfect characters. The honors said to be attendant on riches are a mere cheat; since the fulsome respect, that is paid to a rich man at his levee, is only a public proof given by the person who pays it of his own want of sense, in being so struck with what is of no real worth in itself. This respect is paid to the wealth, not to the person who possesses it, and is therefore by no means enviable.

As to pleasure, the young must be guarded against its allurements by being forewarned of its fascinating nature, its dangerous consequences in its youth, and its inevitable tendency to the ruin of the mind. A taste for innocent instead of criminal pleasures, and an earnest love of the mental, instead of the sensual faculties must be invariably inculcated. A taste for knowledge, and retirement and the conversation of the old who are cheerful, communicative, and lovers of youth, may tend greatly to preserve them from the most dangerous and fatal snare. They ought to be told that there are no real pleasures but those that are lawful, and that the enjoyments that leave a sting behind them, so far from being pleasures, are troubles and torments. They ought to be frequently reminded that the good and virtuous only have any right to the pleasures of life, or can truly enjoy them; for it is a contradiction to suppose, that one whose conscience is wounded by guilt, and whose mind must be in continual pain through remorse for the past, and horror for the future, should relish any joy or comfort. The good man, whose mind is disciplined and serene, receives infinitely more happiness than the wicked one, because he considers all pleasures the gift of a bountiful father, and because, expecting nothing from them but what they will really afford, he has still in reserve a higher happiness, after the gratifications of sense are ended. Mere pleasure should be held opposite to everything that is manly or great, as it enervates the mind, and renders it unfit to encounter any difficulty, or accomplish any labor. Whatever men may say, in the hours of mirth and jollity, in defence of voluptuous life, their own example confutes their reasoning, for though the multitude in the gay time of life, continually cry that they have not had half their share of the pleasures of the world; in their old age, and on their death beds they lament that they have enjoyed and indulged them too much. There is danger when one's last hour comes of his having many neglects and omissions to repent of; but there is no fear of his repenting on his deathbed, that he omitted to see a particular new play on the first night, lost an opportunity of getting drunk, or of seducing innocence; so that at least, a life of sobriety

and abstinence is on the safe side. The young should also be prepared to confute the fallacious arguments commonly advanced by their thoughtless companions in defence of a life of pleasure; of which the most formidable one is that since God has given us desires and appetites, why should we not gratify them?—Confute this by retorting, since God has so formed me, that when I am extremely heated with exercise, I desire to cool myself as soon as possible, why should I not throw off my clothes and expose myself to the air, though it should occasion my death? and since I have a great thirst, why should I not drink a plentiful draught of cold water, though it kill me instantly? and since God has given me a variety of appetites and inclinations, why should I not satisfy them all without thought of the consequences?—There is no desire or appetite natural to the human species, which may not be innocently gratified, but may also be abused; the rule to be observed is, to gratify them within such bounds of moderation, as will best fulfil the end for which they were implanted in the human constitution. Whoever breaks through this rule is guilty of a crime. Unlimited indulgence in lawless pleasure in youth is only treasuring up for the following years in life an inexhaustible fund of pain and torment. What an utter absurdity to resolve (as is too commonly done) to indulge in all the various madness of youth, and go on in a course of guilty pleasure, with the hope of repenting of it afterwards! This is the hope that he shall be heartily ashamed and confounded at what he has done, to hope that he shall a thousand and a thousand times wish it undone, to hope that he shall hate and loathe himself for his guilt; to hope that he shall suffer ten thousand times more pain from shame and remorse than ever he enjoyed pleasure in the pursuits of criminal delights; to hope that he shall have the satisfaction of knowing himself a fool and a madman; to hope that he shall have the happiness of knowing, that he has done what may justly expose him to the divine vengeance; to hope he shall be obliged to undertake the insuperable task of rooting out confirmed habits and planting opposite ones in their place, of parting with vices as dear to him as a right hand or a right eye, and of wholly remodelling a corrupted mind. Blessed hopes! glorious prospects! for which to give up ones innocence and peace of mind, and to expose one's life to come!

By treating the young as rational creatures, and teaching them to exert their reason, and to judge rightly of men and things, as they are in themselves, and as they were originally constituted by the Supreme Being, and not according to outward appearances, they would enter upon the paths of life not as many youth now do from schools and colleges, with their heads full of unwieldy knowledge, the greatest part of which they can apply to no use in life, but with judgments settled and matured for action, and prepared for the difficulties of life by, what may be termed, anticipated experience.—*No. Am. Mag.*

#### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

[The following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by bishop Heber, to his parishioners, a short time before his departure for India, in 1835.]

Life bears us on, like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood, is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the

ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth, as way faring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies?

**SPARE DIET.**—There was a friend of mine, who was supposed to be dying of a hepatic affection—a thorough break up; he was advanced in life, his liver was all wrong, and he was dying—at least so his doctor said; but as he was dying, and as a drowning man will always catch at a straw, he expressed a particular desire to see me, to know if I could order any thing that would do him good. I was sent for, and I went into the country to see him. I said to him, 'Upon my life, sir, I should be happy if I could suggest any thing that was likely to do you good, but I am very ignorant of the medical profession, and if I were not, I really don't think I could suggest more judicious treatment than has been prescribed; but, Sir, I shall give you a lecture on your diet, in the presence of your medical man.' I knew the man before, he prided himself on his virtue; he drank no wine, but he did that which, for any thing I know, is as bad—he ate most preposterously—was a perfect glutton. 'Now,' said I, 'I know you like milk; I shall give you a cup of milk for breakfast, and you may put a piece of bread in it, but not one drop of the milk displaced by the bread must be replaced in the cup; you may take a new laid egg to dinner, and a piece of bread and butter; about four o'clock you may drink some soda water, and then have done for the day. Continue that for some time, taking it at the distance of every six hours in the day.' He did so, and, *egad*, the man got

he got quite active, and really it was quite astonishing to see him. About three months afterwards, he asked me to dine with him; I went, and I saw him just at his old trick, stuffing most enormous quantities of food into his mouth. After dinner we walked in the garden; he was a merchant, and in the course of our walk I said to him—'Pray, Sir, what would you think of a man who from nothing had raised a small capital, and who might, if he chose to go on, increase that to an immense fortune, but who did not choose to go on, but squandered that capital away; what would you think of him?' 'Why,' said he, 'I would say he was a d—fool!' 'Then,' said I, 'what one may think of wealth, another may think of health, and thou art the man. I say health is like wealth, extremely difficult to get a little of; but when you have got it, if you take care of it, it will increase, too, with compound interest; but it is the nature of man that he will not do well unless he is compelled; and I believe you will find this to be the lesson of human life. If people will not take care of health, and do well from inclination, they will be obliged to do it from compulsion; but there are those who will even defy necessity, and those people go to the devil of course.'—*Abernethy's Lectures.*

**ORIGIN OF UNBELIEF.**—In my opinion profound minds are the most likely to think rightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other: and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light; such as the falling of stones from meteors in the atmosphere; the disarming of a thunder cloud by a metallic point; the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver; and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon; that the philosophical

inquirer is seldom disposed to assert confidently on any abstruse subject belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.—*Tr. Humphry Davy.*

**VARIETIES.**—Little showers are exceedingly common amongst the hills of Nassau, in the evenings of very hot days. From the power of the sun, the valleys during the days, are filled brim full with a steam, or exhalation, which no sooner loses its parent, the sun, than the cold condenses it; and then like the tear on the cheek of a child that has suddenly missed its mother, down it falls in heavy drops, and the next instant—smiles again.—*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*

A couple of Germans, having quarreled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon and actually cut off, the good looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly went forward with the intention to pick up his own property; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than darting forward with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face, crushed it and ground it to atoms.—*Id.*

A Danish traveler has recently reported some interesting discoveries in the interior of Chili. While exploring the wild regions of the Andes, he discovered on an elevated plain the ruins of a large city, concerning which, it would seem, the present natives have not even a tradition; and traces of civilization which were lost with the memories of the original inhabitants.

Dr Franklin says, "I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet two out of three, of even respectable people, read no papers but what they borrow. As I speak generally I hope I offend none. If I do, the greater the necessity to speak out. Every man is able conveniently to take a newspaper. The cost is not more than four cents a week."

**FOOD FOR ROMANCE.**—An early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring, all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn, every thing bleak and bare; and there will be but a drowsy residuum in place of healthful nourishment, to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.

**A PHYSICIAN.**—A certain physician, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in carriages; without your aid we should go on foot and be starved."

**SEARCHING AFTER WISDOM.**—In one of the imperial towns in Germany, it is customary to address the mayor as "Your Wisdom." A party who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless search after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, "We have rummaged every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could we find out Your Wisdom."

**COLONY OF PIGEONS.**—A Susquehanna (Pa) county paper, mentions that immense numbers of pigeons have taken possession of, and appropriated to their use, a territory said to be nine miles in length, and two miles in width; every foot of which, and almost every tree and branch of a tree upon it, are constantly occupied by them. It is presumable that the beech woods are indebted for this pigeon visit, to the abundant crop of beech nuts this season.

**FLIGHT OF FANCY.**—A Canada poet apostrophizes the moon as a fair shepherdess, feeding her flock of stars in the still pastures of the evening air.

**AN EDITORIAL WISH.**—We wish that our subscribers would dream that they had settled all arrearages, and wake up in the morning and find it to be true.



## THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building, of Hatherford mills. It was a pretty scene of a summer afternoon, that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low browned cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in.

Many a traveler has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in mouth and jug in hand, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, and the miller's daughter, flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and animation to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style.—Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb line of out buildings behind, and an old fashioned garden, with its flower borders and its close-fibred walk, and its strawberry beds stretching into the very street.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since out of ten persons by never vouchsafing a glance at the mill, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the miller, perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy was son was accounted by common consent, prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics of beauty would dare to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in the absence, and no sooner did she appear than they were forgotten. It was the Hebe look of youth and health; the sweet and joyous expression, and, above all, the unrivaled brilliancy of color, that made Katy's face, with its faultless complexion, pleasant to look upon.

But gay and smiling though she was, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had, indeed, had to offer; one from a dashing horse dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, proposed for her that very night, and took refusal in high dudgeon. The other proposal was from a stayed, thick, sober, silent, middle aged personage, who united the offices of school master and land measurer, an old crow of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still, from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening, as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of a comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a maslin part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanor, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighborhood in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new ten-

ant from a distant county, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who, being unmarried, and of a kind and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favorite than with his opposite neighbor, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamefacedness—a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a peculiar aversion. In short, she said the young farmer, (for so he persisted in being called,) the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First, she began to loiter at the door; then she stayed in the room; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and as freely as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. Gradually he began to find his own fireside lonely, and the parties of the neighborhood boisterous; the little parlor of the miller formed just the happy medium; quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation; and thither he resorted for enjoyment.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little misfits had, indeed, occurred between the parties; but these had vanished at their next meeting. At last, however, a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and, as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin Sophy Maynard was the nearest to her. She was a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total abstinence of airs and finery. In person, she might be called plain; but there was such a natural gentility about her; her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that no one, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country, and of her pretty cousin, who on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with her new neighbor, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey!" but now that cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable; flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite wretched; and then she cried again.

In the meanwhile, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer.—There was an air of intelligence between them, that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller maiden. A secret—Could it be a love secret? And the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her uncle.

Affairs were in this posture, when one evening towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as she had usually done on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down, on either side, to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and, seemingly, shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with a bright rivulet, meandering through banks so variously beautiful—now fringed by rushes and sedges, now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn, and woodbine, and briar rose. Now a smooth turf slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow herb, and a "thousand fresh water flowers of various colors," making the landscape a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Hellario. But poor Katy, who declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond scented tufts of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's 'country art,' but it is my favorite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumined his whole countenance; "the nosegay I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand, shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favor with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears, into her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and love; for Ranger, in common with all the four footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and more faithful than your master, thought poor Katy, as, with a fresh gush of tears, she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and tremblingly, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet; "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water, under those hazels! come!" He put her hand under his arm, and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; felt herself caught in Edward's arms; for between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen;

and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bride's maid;" and the very next week they were married.

## Editor's Correspondence.

## INDIAN HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY INQUIRER.

Upper Lakes, May 10.

SIR,—The state of Indian antiquities, in this region, has recently assumed an interest, which induces me to believe, that farther examinations may throw important light upon the early history of the northern tribes. I propose to sketch for your paper some recent discoveries connected with this subject, under the hope that my remarks may lead to similar observations in other quarters.

Ten days ago, I executed a desire, long entertained, of visiting one of the islands of the Mackinac group, called *Isle Ronde* by the French. The north face of this island is rocky and precipitous. On passing round its western margin, in a birch canoe, two principal points were doubled, in order to effect a landing on its south side, where the declension of the table land appeared to render it less hazardous. On approaching the shore, an opening amid the foliage, caught the eye. We found the beach to consist, almost exclusively, of limestone pebbles, surmounted by 6 to 8 inches of black soil. The whole elevation is, perhaps, 6 to 9 feet.

The fallen face of the bank, at this spot, exhibited a profusion of bones, which were at the moment supposed to be the remains of animals formerly slain in the chase. On climbing up the bank they proved, however, to be human bones—a large deposit of which had been broken into by the action of the lake. Eight pairs of thigh bones, with ribs, vertebrae, &c., we picked up, and reinterred on the bank. Their removal, however, only served to indicate, more exactly, the deposit from which they had been displaced. This deposit appeared to consist of the remains of the bones of modern Indian interments made, as with us, east and west. The top of this rude mausoleum was covered by the forest growth, exhibiting the segment of a hillock, or very much depressed mound. On inquiring of the Indians, who accompanied me, respecting the era of these bones, they expressed themselves ignorant of it. They remember that the grassy opening near this locality, had been an ancient town, but knew nothing of its early history.

On strolling over the site of this town, the evidences of extensive occupancy, were discovered. Among these, numerous graves were noted and examined, some of which, were squares, enclosed with bolder stones. Pieces of exiccated and decayed cedar, and the bark of the paper birch, were observed, in these squares, the centres of which exhibited depressions, and the vaults beneath had given way. All these graves were located east and west. Seven principal avenues, leading from the plain down to the water, indicated the population to have been numerous. Fragments of clay pottery, of the coarse kind, were found mixed with the earth, proving the place to have been occupied before the introduction of iron or brass kettles. This would at once carry its antiquity back about 300 years. The examination of the graves, by excavation, would cast farther light on this subject; but not anticipating such discoveries, no implements had been provided.

On going back into the interior of the island, the highlands were found to be shaped like an amphitheatre, around the town, with a gradual ascent, shielding it from the N. and N. E. winds. The soil appeared to be rich, and bore a vigorous growth of young rock maple, ironwood and beech; and it was difficult to resist the opinion, that these lands had once been in a state of cultivation. The table land of the island, looking out from a lofty height towards Michilimackinac, and over the liquid expanse of Lake Huron, were covered with large timbered trees.

VIATOR.



## BRITISH LITERATURE.

Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(Continued from page 164.)

The works of JANE AUSTEN have quietly won their way to the public heart, as all works of genius will. She is a prudent writer; there is good sense in all she says, a propriety in all her actions; and she sets her face zealously against romantic attachments and sentimental associations. She lived and died a spinster; yet she seems to have had a large experience in the periphery of all attachments which belonged not to prudence and calculation. When Dumbiedykes fell in love, it was with a lady who sat next him in the kirk, and that put it into his head; in like manner Miss Austen's heroes and heroines are touched most sensibly when the object of their contemplation stands on a fair estate, or is endowed with bonds and bills, and other convertible commodities. "On the whole," says the Quarterly Review, "Miss Austen's works may safely be recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction and amusement." Her works are, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Emma," "Northanger Abbey," and "Persuasion."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD is no sighing sister like Hannah More, but a kindly and glad some lady who promotes the happiness of the nation by her hearty sketches of domestic manners, rural pursuits, village pastimes, and her all but living portraits of cottage dames and rustic husbandmen. In doing this, she is promoting morality and true devotion, more than if she were to come abroad in a religious allegory, and prove to the world that we are sunk in folly and sin, and that hell is gaping for the nineteenth of mankind. She commits no such folly: she takes a walk down the greenwood glades, drops into the smoking cottage, sees the healthy child in the cradle and the fat pot on the fire, and the thrifty housewife presiding over all; she extends her walk to the fields; the shepherd on his hill; the rustic at the plough, eyes the growing crops, aids the farmer in calculating the promise of the year, and returns home through the village, where the hands play at bowls, burnish their shoes to look on his paternal timber, comes sauntering along, and gossips with her about merry old times, and resolves, from something which she has said, to send a Christmas log and a junk of beef to all his poor neighbors. No one has painted with such a true hand, and in such natural colors, the joys and sorrows which crowd the landscape of human life; she has looked through and through society, and the result is those sketches and tales which vindicate Old England from the aspersions of Crabbe. Those who desire to feel how the unsophisticated heart of the country beats; who wish to see the peasantry at wakes, and fairs, and festivals; must have recourse to the works of this accomplished authoress. She is no dealer in the poetic and the lofty; she limns us no high-souled maidens, mourning under the moon, and sighing out fantastic woe; on the contrary, she deals in the sober realities of existence, and uses colors of a modest and quakerlike hue. Neither does she seem so anxious about strong contrasts or studied effects: yet all is in unity and strict harmony. That she does not study this, would be to say that she is not a mistress of the art in which she excels: we have all the effect of study without its appearance; every incident drops naturally into its place, and every portrait takes up its individual position. To all this she unites admirable good sense, and a thoughtfulness and penetration alike original and pleasing.

She made her first debut as a poetess; and no doubt the practice of "the art unteachable, untaught," introduced her to the study of character and scene, in which she has since excelled. It also taught her, what it taught Franklin—a graphic truth of language and readiness of illustration, peculiar to the poets who excel in prose. It is not alone as a mistress in the art of domestic fiction that we have to regard her: she has made a strong impression on the public mind as a dramatist, and has witnessed the slope of wet faces from the pit to the roof, of which Cowper speaks as the accompaniment of a well written and well acted tragedy. She is, perhaps,

not quite aware of the deep hold which her compositions have taken of the heart of the country. One friend of mine (Ritchie,) now in the grave, proved himself a stern and stubborn critic in all works save those of Miss Mitford—Mary Mitford, as he loved to call her. "How could I be otherwise than kind?" said he, the last time I had the joy of meeting him, "she speaks to the heart and to the understanding, and deals in rational beings and landscapes, such as a plain man may hope to see without going to another world. She is the only painter of true English nature that I know of: the rest are splendid daubers—all light and shade, darkness and sunshine; Mary Mitford gives the land and the people; and for that I honor her."

THEODORE HOOK may be compared, for the sake of contrast, with Miss Mitford: she is of the country, he is of the town; she paints life in its more natural state, he limns it plumed, padded and jeweled; she bids nature speak in a free unadorned way, he opens the tips of his pert misses and mincing madams, and they utter the affectations of artificial life. Mitford is of God, and Hook is of man; we mean no more than that both are true in their delineations: for Theodore's page mirrors back the patched face and false love locks of this great city, with as much clearness as that of Mary reflects country sunburned beauties, with corn braided in their locks at harvest home. It would not be easy to find another artist with ability equal to Hook's for discussing the good and evil, the passions and affectations, the fits of generosity and settled systems of saving, the self sufficiency and the deplorable weakness, the light and darkness, the virtue and the vice, of this prodigious Babel. The stories which he tells might be invented with little outlay of fancy, for the best of them are far from being either clear or consistent; but the characters, which live and breathe in them, would make the narratives pleasing, though they were as crooked as the walls of Troy. How skillfully he unfolds the character of his man of a million in fixed and floating capital; unbuttons him by degrees; shows him in his counting-house, amid his slender clerks, allowing his goodly waistcoat, stuffed with wine and venison, to project upon the desk before him, while, with spectacles on his nose, he runs his calculating eyes up the fertile columns of a balanced account, and counts out his profit, six figures deep, takes the arm of his chief clerk to help him into his low hung carriage, which moves off with groaning springs to his country box crowning a pleasant lawn, where he dozes and dreams of other speculations and heavier gains.

Hook's defects are those of his subject more than of himself. He chooses to write of what he knows best; and can not imagine, and scarcely cares, how he is felt by the country bred, and those whom London has not sharpened till their fingers are like fish-hooks. He speaks a language, and writes of a people, not understood, and nearly unknown, to the shepherd, the husbandman, the mechanic and the farmer. They can not comprehend the affected manners which he paints, or imagine what sort of unhappy creatures he lives among—they are of the pitchfork, he of the silver fork, school. He ridicules all who eat without silver plate, or convey their meat to their mouth in the readiest way; they, on the contrary, laugh at the follies of the wealthy, and seem disposed, at a feast, to eat, like the heroes in Virgil, their plates as well as their meat. These frivolities cross us frequently in Hook's works; and we never meet them but they remind us of the penalty which those must pay who deal with the husk of society and not with the heart. Such touches of manners and fashion, are like the hooped petticoats, the lead-loaded sleeves, and the touped locks of our grandmother—they are dropped and forgotten; nothing is lasting but natural emotion and language of the heart. Hook has other claims to our notice than for fictions respecting town life: he is remarkable for his agreeable manners and his ready wit; his jokes are as numerous, and sometimes as good, as those of Joe Miller; indeed, booksellers talk of drawing the city puns up in rank and file, under the command of Theodore Hook. In extempore verse he is wondrously expert; give him a bottle of champagne and a subject, and he finds rhymes and air, and acquits himself with no little happiness. The squibs and lampoons ascribed to him are not few; but no doubt his name is compelled to carry

the lead of others along with his own gold. Perhaps a greater contrast to Miss Mitford and Mr Hook can not well be named than JAMES HOGG. He sees the world under a light which never shone for them: and, though all that he writes is from nature, from what he sees, feels and imagines, his nature is not their nature; in short, he has nothing in common with them, not even the language! He speaks, indeed, as others do of shepherd maids and shepherd swains; he introduces them into his stories, with their hopes, their fears, their notions, and their whims, and puts the earth below them and the heaven above them; but then he throws a spell into the air, and shows the works of his hand by a supernatural light; a halo, such as no one else has at command. This is the wizard light which leads him astray; he goes sauntering along under its influence, dry footed himself, but heedless of the

Mosses, waters, slaps and stiles, when he is in the way of his readers. He conceives his story well, and he gathers materials with diligence, but he has not the patience to modify the natural and the supernatural till they unite harmoniously; he tosses all into a wild heap, out of which no one can extract a clear and a probable story. This is the chief fault of his two prose romances, called "The Three Perils of Man," and "The Three Perils of Woman;" sometimes the structure which he designed to raise hovers like a shadowy edifice before the eye of the reader, who loses sight of it and hurries forward, then obtains a glimpse, perhaps, of one of the battlements, or of the portico, and has never the pleasure of beholding more. Another of his faults is, he is constantly laboring to create heroic characters, while he has not the remotest notion of what the heroic is: his cavaliers are fierce cut-throats or rude clowns, who no more resemble the true souls of fire and minds of nobility, than a clown's clog resembles a lady's silver heeled slipper. He is subject, too, to strange fits of wandering; and it is his pleasure to indulge in long and unfruitful conversations in which the story, instead of going forward, does worse even than stand still, for it travels back. Nor is he without other blemishes, which are slow to be forgiven by the world; he deals now and then in over warm language and gross allusions, forgetting that the present is the time of the nineteenth century.

His faults are not few, his beauties are numerous, and some of them of a high order. He is quite an original in every thing: all is unbought and unborrowed; he would not consider a style, or a sentiment, or a story even, as worth the trouble of carriage. He flies his own free flight, and will neither rise higher nor descend lower, for love or reproach. When he chooses to be simple and unaffected, there are few to match him: his "Wool Gatherer," some of his "Winter Night's Tales," which, instead of lengthening the nights, as a surly critic averred, shortened them for thousands—his "Brownie of Bodsbeck," and, indeed, all his fictions, exhibit much of the innocence, and truth, and blamelessness of pastoral life. In his finer moods, no one has equaled him in the rare power of uniting the elegance of superstitious fancy with the realities of life. But, then, were he to throw the mantle of his inspiration over Bow Church instead of Yarrow Hill, it would be a sad waste of his powers: he is for the country, and a country, too, where the people have imagination to keep a look out, as Burns said he did, on suspicious places. He will, probably, be the last of a race of the imaginative: all poetic impulses of a high fancy are wearing out; a rail road has been driven right through the land of dread, and the horn of the mail coach sounds where fairies danced to the sound of their elfin minstrelsy.

(Continued at page 180.)

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT.—Party spirit, like a desolating tornado, is sweeping over our land, and, in its course, developing the worst passions of the human heart. Under the influence of feelings thus excited, it is morally impossible that men should reason correctly or act with prudence and moderation. Anxious to display their zeal for the interests of their party, it is to be feared that many will not hesitate to sacrifice every moral principle at the shrine of political fanaticism!

MAXIM.—Use your friends, so that you would not fear to have them your enemies.

## THE TOUR OF THE VIRTUES.

A PHILOSOPHER'S TALE.

By E. L. Balzer.

Once upon a time, several of the Virtues, weary of living forever with the bishop of Norwich, resolved to make a little excursion: accordingly, though they knew every thing on the earth was very ill prepared to receive them, they thought they might safely venture on a tour from Westminster bridge to Richmond; the day was fine, the wind in their favor, and as to entertainment, why there seemed, according to Gertrude, to be no possibility of any disagreement among the Virtues.

They took a boat at Westminster stairs, and just as they were about to push off, a poor woman, all in rags, with a child in her arms, implored their compassion. Charity put her hand into her reticule, and took out a shilling. Justice, turning round to look after her, saw the poor woman Charity was about to commit: "Heavens!" cried Justice, seizing poor Charity by the arm, "what are you doing? Have you never read Political Economy? Don't you know that indiscriminate almsgiving is only the encouragement to idleness, the mother of vice? You a Virtue, indeed! I'm ashamed of you. Get along with you, good woman—yet stay, there is a ticket for soup at the Mendicity Society, they'll see if you're a proper object of compassion." But Charity is quicker than Justice, and slipping her hand behind, the poor woman got the shilling and the ticket for soup too. Economy and Generosity saw the double gift. "What waste!" cried Economy, frowning; "what a ticket and a shilling! either would have sufficed."

"Either!" said Generosity: "fy! Charity should have given the poor creature half a crown, and Justice a dozen tickets!" She next ten minutes were consumed in a quarrel between the four Virtues, which would have lasted all the way to Richmond, if it had not advised them to get on suddenly out. Upon this the Virtues, suddenly perceiving they had a little forgotten themselves, and, in a first apology, they laid it up, and went on very agreeably to the next mile, two.

The now grew a little overcast, and a shower came at hand. Prudence, who had a pocket on, suggested the propriety of putting on a hat. Courage was braving the rain; but, as most of the Virtues are ladies, Prudence carried it. Just then they were about to land, another boat cut before them very uncivilly, and gave them a shake that charity was all but overboard. In company on board the uncivil boat, who idently thought the Virtues extremely low persons, for they had nothing very fashionable about their exterior, burst out laughing. Charity's discomposure, especially as a large basket full of buns, which Charity carried with her for any hungry looking children he might encounter at Richmond, fell pounce into the water. Courage was all on fire; he twisted his moustache, and would have made an onset on the enemy, if, to his great indignation, Meekness had not forestalled him by stepping mildly into the hostile boat and offering both cheeks to the foe; this was too much even for the incivility of the boatmen: they made their excuses to the Virtues, and Courage who is no bully, thought himself sound discontentedly to accept them. But if you had seen how Courage used Meekness afterward, you could not have believed it possible that one Virtue could be so enraged with another! This quarrel between the two threw a damp on the party; and they proceeded on their voyage, when the shower was over, with any thing but cordiality. I saw you the little squabbles that took place in the general conversation; how Economy found fault with all the villas by the way; and Temperance expressed becoming indignation at the luxuries of the city barge. They arrived at Richmond, and Temperance was appointed to order the dinner; meanwhile Hospitality, walking in the garden, fell in with a large party of Irishmen, and asked them to join the repast.

Imagine the long faces of Economy and Prudence, when they saw the addition to the company. Hospitality was all spirits; he rubbed his hands, and called for champagne with the tone of a younger brother. Temperance soon grew scandalized, and Modesty herself colored at some of the jokes; but Hospitality who was now half seas over, called the one a milkop, and swore at the other as



a prude. Away went the hours; it was time to return, and they made down to the water side, thoroughly out of temper with one another, Economy and Generosity quarreling all the way about the bill and the waiters. To make up the sum of their mortification, they passed a boat where all the company were in the best possible spirits, laughing and whooping like mad; and discovered these jolly companions to be two or three agreeable Vices, who had put themselves under the management of Good Temper. So you see, Gertrude, that even the Virtues may fall at loggerheads with each other, and pass a sad time of it, if they happen to be of opposite dispositions, and have forgotten to take Good Temper along with them.

At the end of the voyage, and after a long sulky silence, Prudence said, with a thoughtful air, "My dear friends, I have been thinking, that as long as we keep so entirely together, never mixing with the rest of the world, we shall waste our lives in quarreling among ourselves, and run the risk of being still less liked and sought after than we already are. You know that we are none of us popular; every one is quite contented to see us represented in a vaudeville, or described in an essay. Charity, indeed, has her name often taken in vain at a bazaar, or a subscription, and the miser as often talks of the duty he owes to me when he sends the stranger from his door, or his grandson to jail; but still we only resemble so many wild beasts, whom every body likes to see, but nobody cares to possess. Now, I propose, that we should all separate and take up our abode with some mortal or other for a year, with the power of changing at the end of that time should we not feel ourselves comfortable, that is, should we not find that we do all the good we intend; let us try the experiment, and on this day twelve months let us meet, under the largest oak in Windsor Park, and record what has befallen us."—Prudence ceased, as she always does when she has said enough, and delighted at the project, the Virtues agreed to adopt it on the spot. They were enchanted at the idea of setting up for themselves, and each not doubting his or her success; Economy in her heart thought Generosity to Virtue at all, and Meekness looked on Courage as little better than a heathen.

Generosity, being the most eager and active of all the Virtues, kept up with him, though at a more even pace. Charity never heard a sigh, or saw a squalid face, but she staid to cheer and console the sufferer; a kindness which somewhat retarded her progress.

Courage espied a traveling carriage, with a man and his wife in it quarreling most unjagally, and he civilly begged he might be permitted to occupy the vacant seat opposite the lady. Economy still lingered, inquiring for the cheapest inn. Poor Modesty looked round, and sighed, on finding herself so near to London, where she was almost wholly unknown; but resolved to bend her course thither, for two reasons; first, for the novelty of the thing; and, secondly, not liking to expose herself to any risks by a journey on the continent. Prudence, though the first to project, was the last to execute; and therefore resolved to remain where she was for that night, and take daylight for her travels.

The year rolled on, and the Virtues, punctual to the appointment, met under the oak tree; they all came nearly at the same time, excepting Economy, who had got into a return post chaise, the horses of which having been forty miles in the course of the morning, had foundered by the way, and retarded her journey till night set in. The Virtues looked sad and sorrowful, as people are wont to do after a long and fruitless journey, and somehow or other, such was the wearing effect of their intercourse with the world, that they appeared wonderfully diminished in size.

"Ah, my dear Generosity," said Prudence, with a sigh, "as you were the first to set out on your travels, pray let us hear your adventures first."

"You must know, my dear sisters," said Generosity, "that I had not gone many miles from you before I came to a small country town, in which a marching regiment was quartered, and at an open window I beheld leaning over a gentleman's chair, the most beautiful creature imagination ever pictured; her eyes shone out like two suns of perfect happiness, and she was almost cheerful

enough to have passed for Good Temper herself. The gentleman over whose chair she leaned, was her husband; they had been married six weeks; he was a lieutenant, with a hundred pounds a year besides his pay. Greatly affected by their poverty, I instantly determined, without a second thought, to ensconce myself in the heart of this charming girl. During the first hour in my new residence, I made many wise reflections; such as—that love never was so perfect as when accompanied by poverty; what a vulgar error it was to call the unmarried state "Single Blessedness;" how wrong it was of us Virtues never to have tried the marriage bond; and what a falsehood it was to say that husbands neglected their wives, for never was there any thing in nature so devoted as the love of a husband—six weeks married!

"The next morning, before breakfast, as the charming Fanny was waiting for her husband, who had not yet finished his toilet, a poor, wretched looking object appeared at the window, tearing her hair and wringing her hands: her husband had that morning been dragged to prison, and her seven children had fought for the last mouldy crust. Prompted by me, Fanny, without inquiring further into the matter, drew from her silken purse a five pound note, and gave it to the beggar, who departed more amazed than grateful. Soon after the lieutenant appeared; 'What the devil—another bill!' muttered he as he tore the yellow wafer from a large, square folded, bluish piece of paper. 'Oh, ah! confound the fellow, he must be paid. I must trouble you, Fanny, for fifteen pounds, to pay this sadler's bill.'

"Fifteen pounds, love!" stammered Fanny, blushing.

"Yes, dearest, that fifteen pounds I gave you yesterday."

"I have only ten pounds," said Fanny, hesitatingly, "for such a poor wretched looking creature was here just now, that I was obliged to give her five pounds."

"Five pounds! good God!" exclaimed the astonished husband; "I shall have no more money these three weeks." He frowned, he bit his lips, nay he even wrung his hands, and walked up and down the room; worse still, he broke forth with, 'Surely, madam, you did not suppose, when you married a lieutenant in a marching regiment, that he could afford to indulge you in the whim of giving five pounds to every mendicant who held out her hand to you! You did not, I say, madam, imagine'—but the bridegroom was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his wife: it was their first quarrel; they were but six weeks married; he looked at her for one moment sternly, the next he was at her feet. 'Forgive me, dearest Fanny, forgive me, for I can not forgive myself. I was too great a wretch to say what I did; and believe, my own Fanny, that while I may be too poor to indulge you in it, I do from my heart admire so noble, so disinterested a generosity.' Not a little proud did I feel to have been the cause of this exemplary husband's admiration for his amiable wife, and sincerely did I rejoice at having taken up my abode with these poor people; but not to tire you, my dear sisters, with the minutiae detail, I shall briefly say that things did not long remain in this delightful position; for, before many months had elapsed, poor Fanny had to bear with her husband's increased and more frequent storms of passion, unfollowed by any halcyon and honeymoon suings for forgiveness, for, at my instigation, every shilling went; and when there were no more to go, her trinkets, and even her clothes followed. The lieutenant became a complete brute, and even allowed his unbridled tongue to call me—me, sisters, me—'heartless Extravagance.' His despicable brother officers, and their gossiping wives, were no better, for they did nothing but annoy me upon my Fanny's ostentation and absurdity, for by such names had they the impudence to call me. Thus grieved to the soul to find myself the cause of all poor Fanny's misfortunes, I resolved at the end of the year to leave her, being thoroughly convinced, that, however amiable and praiseworthy I might be in myself, I was totally unfit to be bosom friend and adviser to the wife of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, with only a hundred pounds a year besides his pay."

The Virtues groaned their sympathy with the unfortunate Fanny; and Prudence, turning to Justice, said, "I long to hear what you have been doing, for I am certain you can not have occasioned harm to any one."

Justice shook her head, and said, "Alas, I

find that there are times and places when even I do better not to appear, as a short account of my adventures will prove to you.—No sooner had I left you than I instantly repaired to India, and took up my abode with a Brahmin. I was much shocked by the dreadful inequalities of condition that reigned in the several castes, and I longed to relieve the poor Pariah from his ignominious destiny; accordingly I set seriously to work on reform. I insisted upon the iniquity of abandoning men from their birth to an irremediable state of contempt, from which no virtue could exalt them. The Brahmins looked upon my Brahmin with ineffable horror. They called me the most wicked of vices; they saw no distinction between Justice and Atheism. I uprooted their society; that was sufficient crime. But the worst was, that the Pariahs themselves regarded me with suspicion; they thought it unnatural in a Brahmin to care for a Pariah! And one called me 'Madness,' another 'Ambition,' and a third 'The Desire to Live.' My poor Brahmin led a miserable life of it; when one day, after observing, at my dictation, that he thought a Pariah's life as much entitled to respect as a cow's, he was hurried away by the priests, and secretly broiled on the altar, as a fitting reward for his sacrilege. I fled hither in great tribulation, persuaded that in some countries even Justice may do harm."

"As for me," said Charity, not waiting to be asked, "I grieve to say that I was silly enough to take up my abode with an old lady in Dublin, who never knew what discretion was, and always acted from impulse; my instigation was irresistible, and the money she gave in her drives through the suburbs of Dublin was so lavishly spent that it kept all the rascals of the city in idleness and whiskey. I found, to my great horror, that I was a main cause of a terrible epidemic, and that to give alms without discretion was to spread poverty without help. I left the city when my year was out, and, as ill luck would have it, just at the time when I was most wanted."

"And oh," cried Hospitality, "I went to Ireland also. I fixed my abode with a Squire; I ruined him in a year, and only left him because he had no longer a hovel to keep me in."

"As for myself," said Temperance, "I entered the breast of an English legislator, and he brought in a bill against alehouses; the consequence was, that the laborers took to gin, and I have been forced to confess that Temperance may be too zealous, when she dictates too vehemently to others."

"Well," said Courage, keeping more in the back ground than he had ever done before, and looking rather ashamed of himself, "that traveling carriage I got into belonged to a German general and his wife, who were returning to their own country. Growing very cold as we proceeded, she wrapped me up in a polonaise; but the cold increasing, I inadvertently crept into her bosom; once there, I could not get out; and from thence forward the poor general had considerably the worst of it. She became so provoking, that I wondered how he could refrain from an explosion. To do him justice, he did at last threaten to get out of the carriage, upon which, roused by me, she collared him, and conquered.—When he got to his own district things grew worse, for every aid de camp that offended her, she insisted that he might be publicly reprimanded, and should the poor general refuse, she would with her own hands confer a censure upon them. It was useless to appeal to the Archduke; for if she said it was hot, and so far did he carry his dread of this awful dame, that he never issued a standing order for the army, curtailed a moustache, or lengthened a coat, without soliciting her opinion first. The additional force she had gained in me was too much odds against the poor general, and he died of a broken heart, six months after my *liaison* with his wife.—She after this became so dreaded and detested, that a conspiracy was formed to poison her; this daunted even me, so I left her without delay—*et me voici.*"

"Humph!" said Meekness, with an air of triumph, "I at least have been more successful than you. On seeing much in the papers of the cruelties practised by the Turks on the Greeks, I thought my presence would enable the poor sufferers to bear their misfortunes calmly. I went to Greece then, at a moment when a well planned and practicable scheme of emancipating themselves from the

Turkish yoke was arousing their youth.—Without confining myself to one individual, I flitted from breast to breast; I meekened the whole nation; my remonstrances against the insurrection succeeded, and I had the satisfaction of leaving a whole people ready to be killed or strangled with the most christian resignation in the world."

The Virtues, who had been a little cheered by the opening self complacency of Meekness, would not, to her great astonishment, allow that she had succeeded a whit more happily than her sisters, and called next upon Modesty for her confession.

"You know," said that amiable young lady, "that I went to London in search of a situation. I spent three months of the twelve in going from house to house, but I could not get a single person to receive me. The ladies declared they never saw so old fashioned a gawkey, and civilly recommended me to their abigail; the abigail turned me round with a stare, and then pushed me down to the kitchen and the fat scullion maids; who assured me that in the respectable families they had the honor to live in, they had never even heard of my name. One young house maid, just from the country, did indeed receive me in the servants' hall. I now took refuge with the other sex, as the least uncourteous. I was fortunate enough to find a young gentleman of remarkable talents, who welcomed me with open arms. He was full of learning, gentleness, and honesty. I had only one rival—Ambition. Whatever Ambition suggested, I damped. Did Ambition urge him to begin a book, I persuaded him it was not worth publication. Did he get up, full of knowledge, and instigated by my rival to make a speech (for he was in parliament,) I shocked him with the sense of his assurance—I made his voice drop and his accents falter. At last, with an indignant sigh, my rival left him; he retired into the country, took orders, and renounced a career he had fondly hoped would be serviceable to others; but finding I did not suffice for his happiness, and piqued at his melancholy, I left him before the end of the year, and he has since taken to drinking!"

The eyes of the Virtues were all turned to Prudence. She was their last hope—"I am just where I set out," said that discreet Virtue; "I have done neither good nor harm. To avoid temptation, I went and lived with a hermit to whom I soon found that I could be of no use beyond warning him not to overboil his pease and lentils, not to leave his door open when a storm threatened, and not to fill his pitcher too full at the neighboring springs. I am thus the only one of you that never did harm; but only because I am the only one of you that never had an opportunity of doing it! In a word," continued Prudence, thoughtfully, "in a word, my friends, circumstances are necessary to the Virtues themselves. Had, for instance, Economy changed with Generosity, and gone to the poor lieutenant's wife, and had I lodged with the Irish Squire instead of Hospitality, what misfortunes would have been spared to both! Alas! I perceive we lose all our efficacy when we are misplaced; and then, though in reality Virtues, we operate as Vices. Circumstances must be favorable to our exertions and harmonious with our nature; and we lose our very divinity unless Wisdom directs our footsteps to the home we should inhabit, and the dispositions we should govern."—*Pilgrims of the Rhine.*

SCIENTIFIC.—The Gazette Medicale of Paris, publishes the results of an experiment, instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of sound upon the auditory nerves of a person who was trepanned, and whose ears were closed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of his hearing through the ordinary avenues. It was proved that sound could be communicated by means of the cicatrice, in such a manner as to render audition easy, and keep up a colloquial intercourse with persons in the same room with the patient.

We do not know that the experiment has been tried upon a subject naturally deaf; if it has and has likewise succeeded, the discovery will confer important benefits upon society, and restore the dumb and deaf every where to the enjoyment and use of their faculties.

A Mrs Somerville, an English lady, has been elected a member of the literary and scientific society of Geneva. The first honor of the kind ever conferred upon a female.



**PROSPECTUS of the THIRD VOLUME** of the **LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPERTORY of LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE**, which will be commenced on or about the first Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1832, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and General Intelligence. It is published weekly on a sheet of the same size as the New York Mirror, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages. At the end of each volume a handsome title page and copious index will be given.

The proprietor of the Literary Inquirer gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few weeks, as to leave of an edition of more than a thousand copies scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers. Indeed, since the termination of the First Volume, the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements of our succeeding volumes, are the TOTAL EXCLUSION of ADVERTISEMENTS—the substitution of THREE WIDE COLUMNS for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into two VOLUMES, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while to new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the second volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditures. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the Literary Inquirer is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

Of the third volume, to be commenced in July next, the first five pages of each number will constitute the Literary Department, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will be devoted to General Intelligence, under which head will be furnished brief and interesting reports of the operations of benevolent societies, literary institutions, &c.; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extraordinary interest; a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign; marriages, deaths, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

Some time since the editor offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale that should be written for this paper; Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Biography of some eminent character. The contributions sent in competition for these premiums have been all submitted to the committee, and we propose publishing the PRIZE ARTICLES in the first number of our third volume.

The terms are only two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents in advance; or one dollar and a half at any time within that period. Three months, seventy-five cents in advance; or one dollar at any time within that period.

Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor,

W. VERINDER,  
177, Main street, Buffalo.

April 16, 1834.

\* Editors with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by William Verinder, proprietor, at 177 Main street, Buffalo.

## LITERARY INQUIRER, AND Repertory of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, JUNE 4, 1834.

During the months of JUNE and JULY, \$2.50 will be received for the current year; at ANY TIME AFTERWARDS, \$3.00 will be invariably charged.

ADVICE.—All who wish to preserve their papers for binding, should dry them thoroughly before reading. They will last twice as long, and the eye will be uninjured.

DR. BEAUMONT.—In an article on Gastric Digestion, which appeared in the ninth number of our journal, reference was made to some interesting experiments performed by this gentleman on a Canadian Frenchman, under circumstances peculiarly favorable for the prosecution of that important but difficult subject. These experiments appear to have excited a great deal of attention in the medical world. Dr B. lately visited the city of Boston, and politely afforded the medical gentlemen an opportunity of examining his Canadian patient. Of the singular aperture in the stomach of this unfortunate man, the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal gives the following brief account:—"The parts appear precisely as described in his work, but present a color of brighter red than we had been led to anticipate. So cursory a view of this most extraordinary case, served, it is true, little other purpose than to gratify a very laudable curiosity, since there was no time to repeat any of Dr B's experiments. Cold water, which the young man drank in abundance, passed freely through the orifice in his side, and a probe, with half its length in the stomach, exhibited very clearly the peculiar movement of that organ. The facts stated by Dr B. whilst conversing on this case, lead us to conclude that the subject has been by no means exhausted in his published volume, but the profession may yet anticipate some further light on the functions of the stomach, from the investigations which it is his intention to pursue, for several years, with the aid of his Canadian patient."

LITERARY NOTICES.—The North American Magazine for June has been received. Its contents, on the whole, superior even to the May number, of which we spoke so favorably in the last impression of our paper. We have copied an excellent essay on "Moral Education," and a short but interesting poem entitled "Hope;"—both, we believe, written by SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD, esq., the amiable and talented editor of the magazine, and whose effusions constitute the most valuable part of its contents.

WALDIE—"our favorite Waldie"—in his Select Circulating Library, has just published "Helen, Miss Edgeworth's last and best novel." We entirely agree with the remark, that this work is quite worthy to rank with Miss Edgeworth's happiest productions. "In every respect it is as vigorous, as fresh, as interesting, as its predecessors. Like them it is intended to establish sound, social morals, illustrated by characters finely drawn, and colored with great force and the nicest detail. The sustained spirit and consistency with which the whole is worked up, the cleverness of its dialogues, the freshness of the feeling which frequently breathes through it, are all most admirable." The enterprising publisher of the "Library" can not be too highly commended for the perseverance and ardor with which he seeks to instruct, amuse and delight his numerous and rapidly increasing subscribers.

It is stated that Washington Irving's sketches of the Western States are nearly ready for publication.

Milton wrote upwards of fifteen thousand English verses, Collins and Gray fifteen hundred each, and lord Byron upwards of seventy thousand verses.

Williams's New York Register for the present year is received and for sale at the Book Store A. W. Wilgus, 203, Main St. Buffalo.

TELEGRAPH MAIL.—Hereafter this mail will depart for the east at 5 o'clock P. M. By this arrangement, passengers will arrive on the second day after their departure, in Albany, in time for the evening boat bound to New York.

DISTRESSING INTELLIGENCE.—Confirmation of the loss of the James, with upwards of 250 persons; loss of the barque Astrea, with 208 persons; loss of the brig Edward; loss of the brig Fidelity; loss of the brig Columbus; all bound to Quebec; loss of the barque Charlotte Langin, from Liverpool for Philadelphia; loss of the ship Marchioness of Queensbury; loss of barque John Atkins from Halifax for Richmond; loss of brig Margaret, from Belfast, and four lives.

Never, within our recollection, says the N. Y. Commercial, have we had to record such a list of disasters among shipping, and loss of lives that has fallen to our lot this day. It will be seen from the following account, copied from the Halifax Gazette that the loss of the James is confirmed with numerous other vessels.

Halifax May 21.—Our paper of to day contains melancholy accounts of shipwrecks and the loss of human life. We saw a person yesterday who was at Louisburgh when the Astrea was lost. The survivors had reached that place. They informed him that several vessels struck on the morning of the 7th inst. on some high cliffs at Little Lorain Head, about five miles from Louisburgh. The vessels were so badly wrecked that they had studding sails set at the time, and up to the fatal moment of striking had been going at the rate of ten knots. The only individuals saved were the surgeon, carpenter and one seaman, who were thrown almost insensible on some of the cliffs.

Sidney May 14.—Barque Astrea, William Ridley with two hundred and eleven passengers and crew, went ashore at Lorain near Louisburgh, morning of 7th inst. and only surgeon and two of the crew saved! Same day Brig Edward struck a piece of ice near Port Nova, and sunk immediately; crew saved. On the 10th, brig Fidelity, Clarke, from Dublin to Quebec, went ashore on Scattari and was lost, passengers and crew 150 in number, saved. Same day, brig Columbus, Russel, from Newcastle for Quebec, was lost three miles east of Louisburgh, crew saved. On the 27th ult. lat. 45, 20, lon. 48 53, the Margaret Walsh, from Newcastle, picked up the captain of barque James, from Ireland for Quebec, with ten others, only survivors of two hundred and sixty five persons on board the James when she sprung a leak and sunk.

The crew of barque Charlotte Langin, of New Brunswick, from Liverpool for Philadelphia has been landed here from an American fishing vessel. The ship had sprung a leak and they had abandoned her. They were three days in their boats.

Ship Marchioness of Queensbury, from Liverpool for Miramachi, went ashore on Cape Tormentine, night of 16th inst., but will be got off if the weather continues moderate.

Three vessels bound to Quebec with passengers, lost off the coast of the Island of St Paul's.

Barque John Atkins, from Halifax for Richmond went ashore three miles from that place, and was totally lost.

On the night of the 15th inst. brig Margaret, from Belfast for St John, N. B., went ashore at Barrington, and was totally lost; crew saved. The mate's wife and four children were drowned.

MAIL ROBBERY.—The portmanteau containing the large Eastern Mail with the letters from Boston and other places east was on Saturday night cut from behind the mail stage whilst passing through a large swamp near Stamford, Conn. Being shortly after missed, a search was set off on foot, when it was discovered that the portmanteau had been carried about two miles into a wood, and there cut open and all the packages and letters that from their appearance contained anything, broken open and rifled of their contents. Bills of exchange and drafts were however not carried away by the robbers, but probably only the bank notes, the amount of which was believed to be considerable. Suspicion attaches to two men, for whom active search is making.—N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

ACCIDENT.—The sloop Rising Sun, Capt Bull, of Barnegat, whilst proceeding down the bay, in the squall, on Saturday afternoon, was struck by a heavy flaw of wind and capsized. Two of the hands were drowned. One of them was in the cabin at the time of the accident, and the Captain hoping to save his life, procured as soon as possible, an axe from a schooner hard by, with which he cut a hole into the cabin, but as soon as the air was admitted the sloop righted and the poor fellow was irretrievably lost. The sloop soon after drifted ashore on Robin's Reef, and on Sunday morning, when the captain boarded her, he found that some rascals had in the night completely stripped her of rigging, blocks, &c.—B.

CURIOUS CHASE.—While one day standing on a low ledge of rock, enjoying the delightful scenery of the Tay, I witnessed a very striking, and so far as I know, novel exhibition, touching natural history, being nothing less than a chase upon terra firma of a crab by an eel, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the eagerness with which the latter animal pursues its prey. My attention was first drawn to the spot by a

rustling sound, when I saw the fugitive in the act of emerging from the water. The eel, who was a fellow of large dimensions, soon followed. After promptly effecting a landing on the rock on which I was standing, which both of them did with great dexterity, the crab took to his heels with all manner of despatch, and soon showed his pursuer the advantage of the possession of a decent supply of limbs. The eel, however, nothing daunted, although laboring under the primeval curse of the serpent, dashed after him with the utmost eagerness; but it was soon obvious that the locomotive machinery of the latter was dismally at fault. He wormed, twisted, and oscillated himself to and fro to comparatively little purpose, although in this way he kept up the chase for a considerable distance, until at length, on my approach, both of them made a short cut, and got again into the water.—Fife Herald.

BARBER'S POLE.—It was an old superstition that Rome was once delivered from the plague by the good Esculapius who, it was supposed, came there in the form of a serpent, and laid himself among the reeds in an island of the Tiber. Ever after, Esculapius was represented with a staff, round which a serpent was wreathed. They were particularly sacred to him, not only as ancient physicians used them in their prescriptions, but because they were considered as emblems of that prudence and foresight, which are necessary in the profession of medicine. In former times surgeons were barbers; and when a man displayed a staff with a twisted snake at his door, it was a token that he cured diseases as well as shaved beards. Barbers are no longer physicians, but the old sign of Esculapius is still continued.

A QUADRUPLICATED CAT.—The Norfolk Beacon says there is a certain cat in that town which lately became the mother of four kittens, all connected by a ligament like the Siamese twins. A great curiosity, the Beacon remarks, and the public are invited to call and inspect them at Peter cellar of Mr Hugh McQuillan.

SUMMARY.—We mentioned last week that the steam boat Oswego had been stranded. We are glad to find that she has been got off, and arrived at Oswego: she sustained less injury than was anticipated.

The bodies of the seven persons drowned in the Erie harbor on the 14th ult., have all been found. They were severally identified by papers and property about them, except one, of whose name and residence, no clue could be had. He was clad in a coarse brown frock coat and pantaloons, red shirt, coarse boots, half soled, and had a pair of spurs. In his pocket were found a French pin, a watch, a small silver chain, about four dollars in cash, and a paper which appeared to be a tavern bill, headed "Arnold's bill."—The others were found to be the same whose names we published in giving the account of the catastrophe.

In the 16th ult., there was a violent snow storm at Burlington, Vermont. When the Sentinel of that place went to press, the storm was unabated, and the snow was already a foot deep.

The woods near Wilkesbarre, Pa. have been set on fire. Much damage has been done to the adjacent property.

Lonzo Phelps, denominated the Rob Roy of Mississippi, has put forth his confession, which is a press, and will make a book of about sixty pages. It is written by himself, and will detail an astonishing amount of crime. He confesses to about fifty robberies, and nearly a dozen murders.

The dwelling house of Mrs C. Parker, a widow woman, of Schenectady, was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday last. To the honor of the citizens, measures were immediately taken to raise the means necessary to build another house for Mrs P.

A young lady at Worcester, Mass., lately recovered nineteen hundred dollars from a widow, for refusing to marry her as per contract.

Two females, named Caroline and Susannah Brush, residing near Fincastle, Va, poisoned themselves by eating of the wild parsnip, or hemlock, having mistaken it for angelica. They were interred in the same grave.

It is stated in an Upper Canada paper, that a gentleman from England, partner or agent of the firm of Rothschild & Co. has arrived at the city of Toronto, capital of Upper Canada, where he intends immediately to open a bank on the Scotch system.

A train of cars attached to the locomotive were thrown off the track of the Germantown rail road, and upset; several passengers were injured.

A letter from New Orleans states, that another teller has decamped with \$150,000 from the Consolidation Association's bank. A forgery on the same bank is also mentioned.

Mr Stone the dramatist put a period to his existence on Wednesday last at Philadelphia. He made an unsuccessful attempt to drown himself in the morning, but was rescued by two gentlemen who witnessed the act.



The town of Montgomery, in Alabama, has been visited with rains of unusual violence, and the streams had risen to so great a height that all communication from the east was suspended for several days.

A gentleman of New Orleans of the highest respectability, and large family connections, and a director of a bank, has disappeared, and it is discovered that he has been for a long time past committing forgeries to a vast amount.

We learn by the ship Napoleon, from Liverpool, that the fine ship Shenandoah, Rose, which sailed from Bremerhaven on the 16th of April, bound for Baltimore, with 190 passengers, was cast away the same day, or the following night, on the Mallum, near the Bremer beacon, and went to pieces, and thirty passengers were drowned. The remainder had returned to Bremerhaven.

The amount of the tea sales in Canada, by the company's agent, has been less this spring by 29,500 lbs. than the sales of the previous spring, and at a reduction of prices.

Col Porter, the cashier of the Union bank at Columbia, Tenn. who was so brutally beaten by the robbers of the bank, is now in a fair way of recovery, having been declared out of danger by his physicians.

A silver vase and salver, weighing in all eight ounces, have just been manufactured at Boston; to be presented to Mr and Miss Wood, in return for their notes which are considered value received.

The cholera was still prevailing by last accounts among the emigrating Cherokees, who had passed through Little Rock, A. T.: the whole number of deaths amounting to sixty, since their departure from the Tennessee river. Dr J. C. Roberts, physician, had died from the effects of the disease; and Dr Fulton had been attacked, but recovered.

Eight hundred young men of Lowell have pledged themselves to total and entire abstinence from alcoholic, vinous and fermented liquors. They denominate their association the "Lowell Total Abstinence Society."

A squirrel hunt was had, in the vicinity of Hillsborough, Ohio, on the 2d inst. In the evening, nine hundred and eighty one scalps were counted.

Dr Verschoyle, Bishop Killala, died recently at the age of 85. He is the third Protestant Irish bishop who has died within the last 12 months.

The number of post offices in this state is 1693.

There are twenty-five papers published in the state of Georgia, only two of which are daily.

789 emigrants arrived at Quebec from the 12th to the 24th ult.

About halfpast nine on Wednesday evening, says the Hartford Review, a fire broke out in the house occupied by the hon. John T. Peters. We understand Judge Peters has met with a severe loss in the almost entire destruction of his valuable library. Most of his furniture was saved, but however without experiencing considerable damage in its removal.

The frigate Potomac arrived at Boston on Friday, from a cruise of two years and nine months in the Pacific ocean. The officers and crew are in excellent health.

Charles M. Gillett, of Monroe co, New York, who had converted effects into money, while on board the steam boat Henry Clay, removing his family to Cleveland, fell overboard, with \$1000 in his pocket book, and was drowned, his family being thereby left destitute.

Mr Madison, we are glad to hear, is recovering from his late indisposition.

The whale ship Catherine Goodrich, of Salem, took fire off Wobohoo, on the 29th of November, and was entirely consumed; crew saved. She had 700 barrels of oil on board.

Westminster Hall, Eng. is about to be cleaned and repaired at an expense of \$85,000.

The Protestant Episcopal church in Mantuville, opposite Fair Mount, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, about 12 o'clock. The fire is attributed to an incendiary.

Mr William Comstock, of Sullivan (N. H.) gives notice in the public prints that his son James, 26 years of age, mysteriously disappeared on the night of Dec 31, 1833, and that having reason to fear that he has been murdered, he will give a reward of \$200 for the detection of the assassin, or \$50 for satisfactory information that his son is yet living.

Gov Duval, of Florida estimates the annual value of the property wrecked on the Florida coast at \$700,000, and one year it amounted to \$700,000.

Mr Farren, the British consul, has been solemnly received at Damascus and hoisted the English flag—the people of this holy city had heretofore refused to allow an infidel to pollute the sanctity of their walls.

A splendid steel engraving of William Penn, the largest ever executed in the United States, has just been finished at Philadelphia, by Sartam. It is represented as creditable to the graver of the artist.

In the superior Court held at Augusta, Georgia, on the 10th ult., a petit juror appeared in his seat in a state of intoxication. Judge Holt immediately fined him twenty dollars, and ordered him to be imprisoned three days.

The wandering piper is traveling through the interior of Pennsylvania. Two ladies of Lancaster acknowledged the receipt from him of thirteen dollars and seventy-three cents for the benefit of the Infant School Society of that place.

The ship Susan, lately arrived at Boston, has brought in sixty-eight live animals of different kinds, birds and quadrupeds.

To insure the fidelity of the French troops, Louis Philippe has ordered that they shall take an oath of fidelity to him every three months. The memory of the faithful troops, it would appear, is very treacherous.

The Sultan has given his daughter in marriage to Hahh Pache, originally a slave, but now of the highest distinction in the Moslem Government.

By the custom act recently received, it appears that the practice of naturalizing Baltic Timber, by landing and restowing it at a Port in the British North American Colonies, is no longer tolerated. The Words of the Act now in force being timber, &c. "of the growth and produce of any British Province in America."

At Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the venerable Bishop White delivered his fiftieth charge to the clergy and lay deputies of the annual Episcopal convention.

Fourteen steam boats, says the Cleveland Herald, arrived at that place from Buffalo, in 48 hours.

One of the French papers, the National, says the treaty with this country was obtained by surprise, from the weakness of French diplomacy.

### Advertisements.

**TO Sunday School Teachers and Parents.**—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 335 volumes, amounting to 25,365 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and covers, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1500 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 103 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2055 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$1.46. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series, such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalmody, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches. For the sum of \$42.46, the above 338 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household! How many thousands of companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction! How many thousands of sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they go amongst!

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to FREDERICK W. PORTER, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

**THE PEARL and Literary Gazette**, devoted to original and selected tales, legends, essays, traveling, literary and historical sketches, biography, poetry, &c., is published simultaneously in the cities of Boston and Hartford.

**Terms.**—Two dollars per annum, one dollar for six months, payable in advance. Postmasters, agents and clubs will receive six copies for a year by sending ten dollars, or six copies for six months for five dollars. All letters of business, remittances and communications must be directed to the Pearl, Hartford, Conn., or to the editor. Postage in all cases must be paid.

**THE LITERARY JOURNAL** is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms, two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will receive a seventh copy gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid, to

J. KNOWLES & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

**THE LADY'S BOOK.**—Each number of this periodical contains sixty pages of extra royal octavo letter press, printed with clear, new, and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and whitest color. It is embellished with splendid engravings on copper and steel, executed by artists of the highest skill and attention, and embracing every variety of subject.

The terms of the Lady's Book are three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Published by L. A. Godey & Co. Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

**WATCHES AND JEWELRY.** Silver and Plated Ware.—The subscriber has this day received a very rich and extensive assortment of the above goods, which he offers at wholesale or retail, on the most favorable terms. Particular attention paid to repairing.

May 7, 1834.

**THE** subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Buffalo, that he has established himself as a House Carpenter, in Main st. eleven doors below the Mansion House, where all orders in that line will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

May 14, 1834.

**DOCTOR T. P. WHIPPLE,**  
At Foster's Hotel,  
BLACK ROCK, N. Y.

**PIDDINGTON & HUMPHRY,** Merchant Tailors, No. 8 Elliott square, gratefully acknowledge the liberal support they have received from their friends and the public, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Orders executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.**—These publications consist of Scripture Biography, Sacred Geography, Lives of Martyrs, Juvenile Biography, Sacred History, Missionary Biography, Lives of Pious Men, Helps for Teachers, Books, Cards, &c., for infant Schools, and Picture Books for small children, ornamented with numerous wood cuts and engravings. Published by the American S. S. Union, and for sale by J. C. MEEKS, 100 N. 6th Street, Buffalo.

**CUTLER'S CABINET & CHAIR WAREHOUSE,** No. 8, Elliott Square, Main st.—The above rooms are now fitted with an assortment of furniture not surpassed in any place as to durability and fashion. The following can be furnished at all times—French, Ottoman and Grecian Sofas; Couches; Chaises; Lounges; Pier, tea, centre, card, dressing, dining, tea, work, drawing, writing and sideboard Tables; dressing and drawing room Commodes; dressing Bureaus and Glasses; library, book and paper Cases; Music Stands and Stools; Foot Stools; basin and washstand Stands; French, high-post, tent, field, dome, fancy and lowpost Bedsteads; mahogany and black walnut French Chaires; Boston Rocking Chairs; splendid articles; fancy and Windsor Chairs of every description; Seetees, and Seetee Cradles; Writing Stools; cane Chair Seats, of every description; mahogany Plank, Boards and Veneers; black walnut Veneers; cherry and walnut Boards; Copal Varnish; Hatters' Blocks, for finishing and coloring. Turning done to order on short notice. Bed posts and table legs on hand at all times. A liberal discount made to those who purchase chairs to sell again.

Buffalo, March 12.

**BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY,** No. 214 Main st.—Oleifer G. Steele is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond anything ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted by schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steele's Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city.

**A. W. WILGUS,** No. 203 Main street, has just received Clark's Commentary, in 2 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tying, D. D. Scenes of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter, the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. R. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips, of Mahersy Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bidell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books.

Buffalo, Jan. 30, 1834.

**JUST RECEIVED** at the Buffalo Book Store, 203 Main street, Albany, an elegant article: Parchment fine; Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatises; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Man, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell.

Buffalo, Jan. 30, 1834.

**BUFFALO BOOK STORE,** No. 203 Main street, January 20, 1834. A. W. Wilgus has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harpers' Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall. Walden; by Litchfield. The Down East, &c. &c. 12 vols. by J. Neal. Richelieu, a tale of France, in 2 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 3 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 24 Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutches of Berri, in La Vende, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Gen. Dermoconourt. Kinwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic.

**DISSOLUTION.**—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Painting business, under the firm of Wilgus & Burton, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The unsettled affairs of the late firm will be closed by D. Burton, and the business of Painting, Glazing, &c., in all its various branches, will be continued by N. Wilgus, at the old stand, No. 213 Main street.

NATHANIEL WILGUS.  
DARIUS BURTON.

Buffalo, April 1, 1834.

**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING** neatly and expeditiously executed, by William Verlander, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of his friends and the public is respectfully solicited.

A FEW complete sets of the First Volume of the Literary Inquirer, may be obtained, price \$15 each, at the office of publication.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.** Sumner L. Fairfield, editor.—This magazine is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ana, or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of all new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions, are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine.

The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers.

The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

**WALDIE'S Select Circulating LIBRARY,** issued every week; each number containing as much as a common sized volume of 250 pages; price \$5 a year, or five copies for \$20, sent to one address.

**Economy.**—Of the books published by us in the two first volumes of the "Select Circulating Library," the following have also been issued by booksellers in 22 volumes, in the cheapest form, viz:—Lives of Banditti and Robbers; Life of Dr Burney; The Subaltern's Furlough; The Gentle Recruit and Saratoga; Pickens's traditional Stories; Waltham; Rebellion in Scotland; The Italian Exile in England; Wacouta; Journal of a Nobleman; The Duchess of St. Leu; Elliott's Letters; Baron D'Hausser's Great Britain; Madden's Infidelity; Rambles of a Naturalist; and Capt. Bell's Fragments. The bookellers' charges for these, twelve dollars and sevenpence.

We have supplied these, word for word, to our subscribers for four and five dollars, in addition to the following entire works, various miscellaneous reading, and the Journal of Belles Lettres gratis, viz: Lafayette and Louis Philippe; Batty's tour in Holland; Letters from the Earl of Chatham; Mrs Lushington's Journal; Life of Dr Leyden; Shipwreck of the Medusa; The Earthquake of Caracas; Manicello, &c. &c. &c., altogether worth at bookellers' reduced prices at least twenty-five dollars! This surely is economy.

**THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,** conducted by James Hall and devoted to literature and science, is published during the first week of every month. Terms, three dollars and fifty cents, payable in six months, or three dollars, in advance. A payment made between the 1st of January and the 1st July, in any year, will be considered in advance for that year; and in all cases where payment shall be delayed until after the 1st of July, the additional fifty cents will be charged. No subscription will be received for less than a year, or discontinued until the close of a year, but subscribers may commence their year with any month they please. No subscriber will be considered as having the right to discontinue his subscription, unless he shall have paid up all arrears, and given notice before the expiration of the year. Published by COREY & FAIRBANK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**THE PARTHENON** is published at Union College in monthly numbers, each containing at least 64 pages of original matter, during the time college is in session. The price of subscription is \$2.50 per annum, when paid in advance, and \$3.00 on delivery of the June number. No subscription taken for less than one year. Any person obtaining five subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive a volume gratis, and agents shall receive the customary commission. All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Parthenon, Schenectady, N. Y. The Parthenon will be forwarded to our agents in New York by the steam boats, where they can be obtained by subscribers free of postage, and to our New Orleans subscribers, by the same route.

**THE CINCINNATI BIRCHER** is published every Saturday morning, on a fine super royal sheet, in the quarto form, convenient for being bound. The paper for a year will make a handsome volume of 118 large pages, including the titlepage and index, which will be furnished with the last number of the volume. Advertisements are excluded. The subscription price is two dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance; three dollars payable, any time within six months after the time of subscribing. When the above terms are not complied with, and the publishers have to employ a collector, three dollars and fifty cents will be invariably demanded.

SHREVE & GALLAGHER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**GRANVILLE INSTITUTION—Preparatory Department.** In this institution is given to the elementary and common branches of English, and to Greek and Latin by those who wish to be fitted for college. This department comprises one designed specially for boys of tender age. Such are entrusted to the care and supervision of a teacher and guardian, who is devoted exclusively to their interests, spending his time with them, day and night, with paternal solicitude and affection.

**English Department.** In this can be obtained either the whole or any portion of the mathematical and English part of a collegiate education. It also affords facilities for acquiring the qualifications suitable for the business of teaching.

**Collegiate Department.** The course of instruction is intended to be worthy of its name. The requisites for membership in the freshmen class are similar to those adopted by the best colleges. Much greater regard, however, is had to the quality, than to the quantity, of the preparation. The freshmen class has completed half its year. It is accessible, at all times, by persons duly qualified to take its advanced standing. The higher classes will be successively organized on the annual promotion of this from an inferior to a superior grade. Commencement is on the second Wednesday in August.

**Manual Labor Department.** This is considered as including all the resident students, who are required to be daily occupied more or less in some kind of work. A coöperation has been fitted up, which affords ample employment to the freshmen class and to several other individuals; and measures are concerted for more extensive accommodations in this business. Carpenters, joiners and farmers will find employment in their respective callings.

**Expenses for a term of twenty-two weeks.** Tuition, \$5.00; board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$37.00; accommodations for studying in private rooms, to one room a boarder, \$2.00; incidentals to one not a boarder, \$1.00; studying in the preparatory room, \$0.75; whole expense for tuition, board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$25.00 a term, or \$70.00 a year, exclusive of vacations. Those who board at the institution in time of vacation, will be charged at the same rate as in term time, with the exception of tuition. No deduction for absence will be made on the tuition of students in the collegiate department. Any student entering or leaving the school during the progress of a half term, will be charged the whole amount of tuition for such half term. No deduction for absence will be made on the board of any student, provided he be not absent more than a week at any one time, nor even then without a satisfactory reason for such absence. The payment of all bills is required in advance.

The next term will commence on Thursday, the 10th of March. JOHN TRATT, President. Granville, Licking County, Ohio, February, 1834.



## Poetry.

From the North American Magazine.

## HOPE.

Like the foam on the billow  
As it heaves o'er the deep,  
Like a tear on the pillow  
When we sigh in our sleep,  
Like the siren that sings,  
We cannot tell where,  
Is the hope that hath wings,  
The phantom of air!

Like the starlight of gladness  
When it gleams in death's eye,  
Or the meteor of madness  
In the spirit's dark sky,  
Like the zephyr that perches  
With the breath of their birth,  
Are the hopes that we cherish—  
Poor bondmen of earth!

The pleasure and pain,  
That pass o'er us below,  
Vain like colors and stains  
On the cold winter snow;  
All the loves of the bosom  
That burn with delight,  
Are mislaid in blossom  
And withered with blight.

The sunbeam of feeling  
Lights the ruins of love,  
And sorrow is stealing  
O'er the visions above;  
Like a spirit unblest,  
Hope wanders alone,  
With a heart ne'er at rest  
In the future or gone.

She drinks from time's cup  
The bright nectar of heaven,  
And her spirit mounts up  
Mid the glories of even,  
But the world drows with death  
The choice of bliss,  
As the nightingale's breath  
Waxes the rattle-snake's hiss.

From the bowers of repose  
Like a scepter she starts,  
And she breathes the spring's rose  
O'er the depths of all hearts;  
But fancy and feeling  
Must vanish in sorrow,  
Struck hearts have no healing—  
Hope sighs o'er tomorrow.

## VARIETIES.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry; the smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and colder the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

I have traveled much, and have noticed that where a farmer's house is stocked with books, his children are sure to be intelligent.

Curtain thy sleep and increase thy knowledge. he who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it cost him.

It is more desirable to distribute the fruits of one's own industry, than to reap the benefit of other people's.

Nothing, says Fontenelle, can be more destructive to ambition and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of nature!

Zeno being told that love was unbecoming a philosopher: "If this were true," replied Zeno, "the fate of the fair sex would be lamentable, not to be loved but by fools."

M. Guidot, the distinguished naturalist, who has been engaged for several years in exploring the island of Madagascar, has arrived at Brest with the whole of his collection, comprising upwards of forty thousand specimens, and is expected shortly at Paris.

A young man at Pollstown, (Pa.) completely broke in two the cap of his knee, by the exercise of too much muscular exertion in a foot race. The accident was attended by a loud crack, which was distinctly heard by the spectators.

Of the 15,535 parishes, (including under that name townships maintaining their own poor,) in England and Wales, there are 737 in which the population does not exceed 50 persons; 7,907 in which it does not exceed 100; and 6,631 in which it does not amount to 300.

The Salem Observer says there is in that town a respectable shipmaster, who has spent forty-four years at sea, and "never at any time wet his lips with ardent spirits, or tasted so much as a glass of wine."

A grey eagle, measuring across the wings when extended, six feet seven inches, was shot near Carlisle, Pa., a few days since. The length of its bill was three inches.

It is computed that the number of shepherds and cow herds who live on the mountains, and in the meadows of Spain, tending the flocks and herds, amount to upwards of fifty thousand!

The Indiana lately launched for the Messrs Barings, in England, and which so closely resembles the New York packets, has been fitted out on the temperance principle; the first trial of this kind in the British merchant service.

A lamentable occurrence took place on the 8th ult. A Prussian prison vessel, at anchor in the Tagus, took fire, supposed accidentally, and before assistance reached them, from thirty to forty Miguelite prisoners unfortunately lost their lives. The ships in the harbor gave the aid of their fire engines as soon as they could be brought into service.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the Journal of Belles Lettres.

## LETTER V.

St Pierre, Martinique, March 3, 1831.

From St Lucia to Martinique is nearly seven leagues; but as we approached the latter, the wind, which had been propitious, died away, and our vessel sauntered in the ocean at a pace that would have provoked our impatience, had it not been for the interest of the scene, and the deliciousness of the climate.

Martinique presents the same bold outline as St Lucia: its most striking feature from the sea is the Diamond Rock, an insular crag which rises several hundred feet above the ocean, with scarcely any traces of vegetation. This spot has attained historical celebrity from its memorable defence by an English officer, who, with his ship's crew succeeded in dragging some guns to its summit, from whence he annoyed the French until starved into a capitulation.

Night came, the moon shone, and so light was the breeze that came from the land. At length, on rounding a point of land, we beheld a great number of lights, marking the site of St Pierre, the capital of Martinique. Landing in the long boat we proceeded to the French hotel, for being now in a French colony, we were naturally disposed to conform to French usages: but our object was frustrated by the arrival, a few hours previous, of a ship from France, and all the rooms were taken. Our only alternative was to cross the street to the hotel of Betsy Parker, an English mulatto.

I was awakened at sunrise by the clanking of chains, and looking from my window saw perhaps twenty blacks, male and female, old and young, chained in couples by the ankles and bearing burthens. They were convicts, doomed in this way to expiate a variety of crimes. They bore their disgrace with seeming indifference, talking and jesting as if on a party of pleasure.

A ramble through the town made us acquainted with its romantic situation and its surpassing cleanliness. Excepting on the side of the ocean, St Pierre is overshadowed by mountains covered with dense foliage, save where the naked cliffs admit of no vegetation. These cliffs are in some places nearly vertical, rising to a great height, and accessible only by winding foot paths. The houses are built of plastered stone and brick, and have a neat and substantial appearance. The streets are admirably paved, and through the centre of each is a stone channel, or gutter, that conveys to the sea the water that pours from the surrounding hills. Thus the rains, so constant here, are made to cleanse and purify the town which they would otherwise inundate.

St Pierre has, moreover, a delightful walk shaded by tamarind trees, and refreshed a rivulet from the mountains. Pursuing our excursions under the guidance of Mr M., we entered the botanic garden (Jardin des Plantes), a lovely spot, shaded by cocoa nuts, palm and cabbage trees, watered by fish ponds and fountains. Here are collected most of the trees, shrubs, and plants of the tropic, provided for according to their natural habits; and, with a liberality truly French, the garden is open to the gratuitous admission of visitors. If any part of these sunny islands is calculated to relieve the heart of its cares, or disease of its pang, it is the evergreen groves in the environs of St Pierre.

March 4th.—It rained much of the day, with occasional sunshine. As our walks were in consequence much restricted, I amused myself for hours in observing the people who came to draw water at a fountain in front of my window. Among this motley variety of human nature were all colors, all ages, and, I had like to have said, all nations. The Africans attracted most of my attention, for many of them appeared to have been but a short time in bondage. One man in particular, of an athletic form, and not over thirty five years of age, was tattooed in the most elaborate manner from his waist to his scalp. He seldom spoke, and had a fierce and scowling look; and every time he left the fountain he bore on his head a sixteen gallon cask of water. Alas! though I, if this bondsman of Africa were to recount his story, what a tale of wrong and outrage would be unfolded! I felt inclined to ask him some questions, but this would be interfering with another man's property, and I was warned to be silent. Here came in crowds the Eboe negro, the light mulatto, and the white descendants of France; some in fantastic dresses of red and yellow, some in tatters, and well grown children unclothed, and seemingly uncared for.

But the French have the credit, and I believe justly, of being kind to their slaves. The latter are extremely well behaved on this island, and insurrectionary movements have been rare among them. A singular disturbance, however, has occurred within the past few weeks among the free blacks, more than two hundred of whom formed a camp not far from St Pierre, and for a short time put the laws at defiance. They had been enrolled (as all free colored people are) among the militia, by which means they were well armed. They burned some valuable houses, and did considerable other damage, but destroyed no lives. A small detachment from the garrison dispersed them at the first charge; many of them were killed on the spot, and all the rest taken prisoners. The precise motives of this most hopeless insurrection have not yet been fully ascertained; but it is a surprising fact, that all these deluded men were free, not a single slave having participated in the insurrection, although every inducement was used to suborn them. This affair is now in process of investigation.

MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENTS.—[Extract from Dr J. K. Mitchell's recent lecture to his course of practical chemistry.] It is only for the want of the spirit, not the genius of Davy or Franklin, that the career of improvement is not ten times as rapid as it has hitherto been. No doubt thousands of valuable facts are observed, wondered at, and forgotten, without a single effort to draw them into the service of society. This is rendered clearer by the truth, that the most important improvements in the arts have been made by those who have pursued avocations remote from the business into which these improvements have been introduced, and who had of course little opportunity for observation or example. Arkwright the inventor of the spinning jenny was a barber, and Watt the immortal author of the present steam engine was a philosophical instrument maker. Papin, who invented the digester and safety valve, was a doctor of medicine; Savery, who produced the first steam engine, was commissioner of sick and wounded soldiers; Newcomen and Cawley, author of the atmospheric engine, were, the one an iron monger, and the other a glazier. The inventor of the air pump, Otto de Guericke, was burgomaster of Magdeburgh. The projector of that invaluable instrument the mariner's compass, was John di Gioja, a nobleman of Amalphi in the kingdom of Naples.—Fahrenheit, who first applied mercury to thermometric uses, was a bankrupt merchant. Ferguson, astronomer, was a shepherd, and afterwards a miniature painter, Godfray, of quadrant fame, was a common glazier; and Dr Priestly, the great mineralogist, Hany and Cartwright, who invented the power loom, were clergymen. Rittenhouse was a farmer, and entirely a selftaught mechanic; Franklin was first a tallow chandler, and subsequently a printer; and Fulton a portrait painter. John Hunter, who created a new era in surgery, commenced life as a cabinet maker. The greatest engineers whom the world ever saw are Renie and Telford. To them is Great Britain indebted for a greater amount of her present prosperity than perhaps to any other individuals living. Yet these men were common stone cutters, both of them educated to the manual labor of dressing stone.—The last of the great inventions in steam machinery, is that which enables steam to propel locomotives on common roads. The credit of this invaluable discovery belongs to a practitioner of medicine and chemist at Cornwall, in England. Dr Gurney has already acquired distinction by bringing his fine conceptions into useful action, but when we look forward to the time, which will assuredly come, when the traveler and his goods will be conveyed by land, with as much ease, and with more safety, than at present by water; when we perceive that roads may be made in almost every direction, and in adequate number, we shall have a better estimation of the magnitude, and momentous character of the experiments, to which, alone, unaided, and under every discouragement, this second Fulton resolutely and confidently appealed.

This very generation will do him full justice, for, in a very few years, horses will nearly disappear from our great roads, and almost every one will travel by steam. Scarcely one of the many surprising and beautiful inventions of the prolific genius of New England, has been made by those practically familiar with the art to which it is auxiliary. The reason of this apparent paradox seems to me obvious.—Even there, in intellectual New England, where all else is philosophy, a trade is taught practically, and solely so. It is carefully divested of philosophy, and is made, as far as possible, merely mechanical. There is a dull routine through which every apprentice travels to the station of a journeyman. The less he thinks, the more he will work, and the more immediately profitable will be his labor. When once the circle has been completed, its dull, unvarying round is again and again traversed, until a deviation would be irksome. A man thus trained to the habitual exclusion of curiosity and understanding, although he may make a very good thinker in other matters, cannot readily apply his reason to the familiar labor of his vocation. When very young, I had occasion to observe the labors of a very sensible man, who pursued the business of a carpenter. At that time he was frequently employed in sawing out square apertures in boards, and always bored three holes at the points where were to be placed three angles of the square. These auger holes were made for the introduction of a saw. I immediately perceived that two auger holes would suffice, and inquired how many holes were necessary to effect his purpose. Instantly, ay instantly, he

saw that two were as good as three, and with a sigh, lamented that, as he had been taught, he had bored thousands of unnecessary holes, and wasted much valuable time.

The absence of philosophical curiosity and spirit, prevents, not only the proper use of new facts elicited by accident, but the scientific deductions, by which important novelties may be indefinitely increased. A merely practical acquaintance with a trade renders one insensible to its defects, and ignorant of its capacities of improvement. A merely theoretic cultivation of it, encourages impracticable speculation, and hinders us from carrying even beneficial suggestions into useful operations. Hence the most advantageous positions in which a mechanic can be placed, is that which combines knowledge of principles, and familiarity with practical detail; intellectual comprehension and manual dexterity; the power to conceive, and the ability to execute. But to reach this enviable condition, he must take care to think, as well as work, and never suffer any process to pass, without considering it as a philosophical experiment, illustrative of some general principle; for such is in truth every act of mechanical labor.

Nor should he remain satisfied with any thing, merely because it is the practice of others, and take it for granted, that any process is as perfect as it may be rendered. I believe that discoveries have been very frequently postponed by the neglect to ask the simple question, "Is this instrument or this process as perfect as it can be made?" It is not so much the want of talent, as of the spirit of inquiry, that has retarded so frequently the progress of improvement. Of this we have many remarkable proofs. When Arkwright practised the trade of a barber, he formed an acquaintance with a neighboring spinner, who had discovered a want. It was the want of machinery with which to spin cotton. That suggestion induced Arkwright to go to work on the subject, and soon supplied the want, accumulated a fortune, became a baronet and high sheriff of an English county. A conversation relative to the discovery of Arkwright taking place in the presence of a clergyman of the name of Cartwright, one of the party said, "We now want an invention by which we can weave without hand. Cartwright had not seen a loom, but resolved to discover a method of weaving by water or steam. In this he so well succeeded, as to receive from the British parliament, for the invention of the power loom, nearly fifty thousand dollars. When Sir Humphrey Davy published his expensive and imperfect method of obtaining potassium, Guy Lussac and Thenard perceived the want of a better method, and instantly devised the one which is now used.

BRITISH IRON.—Mr Crawshaw is the largest individual ironmaster in the world. The whole of the Cyfartha works are his own, making the enormous quantity of 37,380 tons of iron in one year, (more than a hundred tons daily)—a proof of the enterprising spirit and patriotic exertions of one individual Englishman, at the age of seventy years. What would a foreigner say of the individual who, with such enormous wealth, still employed it in industry and for the benefit of the laboring classes of the country.—*Low. Far. Jour.*

PUBLIC OPINION.—We live in an age when public opinion, over public men, is omnipotent and irreversible! When public sentiment annihilates a public man more effectually than the scaffold. To this new and omnipotent tribunal, all the public men of Europe and America are now happily subject. The fiat of public opinion has superseded the axe of the executioner. Struck by that opinion, kings and emperors in Europe, and the highest functionaries among ourselves, fall powerless from the political stage, and wander while their bodies live, as shadows and phantoms over the land.—*Benton's Speech.*

SHAKESPEARE.—We grant that the coarse manners of his time often led to coarse expression, but never to coarse sentiment. The deep emotions of the heart, in his hands, at once asserted their higher nature; the true and the beautiful shone through him; the tender, the delicate, the devoted,—these were the attributes with which he invested love. On every noble subject his genius was true to itself; it flung the dust of its own time from its feet, felt that heaven was its home, and soared thitherward. The imagination of Shakespeare was a spirit whose steps might wander over this lower world, ay, and leave some traces of their progress, but which every touch of feeling or of thought causes to rise into a purer and brighter atmosphere.—*Lon. Lon Literary Gazette.*

A few days since, the wife of Mr C. B. Wetherbee, of Belmont, Me., stepped out of the house to go to one of her neighbors for a moment, leaving a child sitting in the door, about two years old. She was attracted by the screams of her child, and hastened back, when she found an old sow had dragged the child from the door and was eating its hand. The thumb was entirely devoured, and the hand dreadfully chewed up.